

**P S**

655

77

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap

PS-55

Copyright No. ....

Shelf ..Z95.72

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





# JEWELLED HEARTS:

A Domestic Melodrama, in Four Acts.

BY

CHALMERS C. BROWN,

OF

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

—  
COPYRIGHT APPLIED FOR.  
—

4  
13432

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

*Mrs. George Stirling*.....  
*Miss Grace Stirling*.....  
*Little Pearl Stirling*.....  
*Mrs. Charles Augustus Moneymore*.....  
*Miss Ruth Hazelton*.....  
*Mrs. O'Donovan*.....  
*Mr. Harry Lamar*.....  
*Mr. Hanz Kophderheim*.....  
*Mr. Charles Rockmore*.....  
*Mr. Charles Augustus Moneymore*.....

75635  
29 I 872

## DISCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

---

MRS. STIRLING—A true and noble widow of 38 summers—one who's life is devoted to her children and the memory of her deceased husband. Neatly and modestly attired—no jewelry.

GRACE—A well-bred and refined Miss of 14 summers, who is not ashamed to assist her mother in earning an honest living. First dress—either a scarlet or blue satin dress, hand-painted; very little jewelry, a becoming hat, neat hose and slippers, sunflower fan, and so attired as to appear bewitching, yet modest. Second dress—something appropriate for a military drill, but not dashing—high sandals, neat hat, gun, etc.

PEARL—A bright and charming little girl of 5 summers, who assists her sister in earning a living. Dressed same as Grace, with a slight contrast.

MARIE—So attired as to appear the character she represents—a novel-reading, romantic young bride—a would-be aristocrat. She carries a novel and a large fan, and wears considerable showy jewelry.

RUTH—So attired as to represent a sensible, modest and unassuming village maid of 22 summers, in moderate circumstances.

MRS. O'DONAVAN—An Irish widow—Lamar's housekeeper, appropriately attired as such.

HARRY LAMAR—A man of 46 summers, with hair tinged with gray, full chin beard and mustache, short—wears full business suit. Free hearted, and noble in his nature.

HANZ—A good-natured, jolly German, the proprietor of a wine garden.—First dress—short, curly blonde hair, smooth face, yellow pants, red vest, sailor's neck-tie, white shirt and slippers. Second dress—same, except he wears shoes and a coat with large pockets behind, and a cap. In 3d act he carries two large revolvers, a lunch bag containing an onion, cheese, etc.

CHARLES ROCKMORE—A deep-dyed villain—very cautious, easy and graceful—thoroughly tutored in society etiquette. First dress—full-dress suit, black, silk hat, black mustache and goatee, neat jewelry. Second dress—same, except long, curly black hair, full chin beard, and slouch hat. Carries stillette and revolver, vial of chloroform, etc.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS—A man of 60 summers—an excentric society fop.—Dressed in a stylish, light-colored walking suit, Gainsborough hat, showy pin and rings, large watch fob—gray hair parted in middle, gray side whiskers. Carries cane, eye glass and cigarette.

---

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means Right; L. Left; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; R. P. Right Percenium; L. P. Left Percenium; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; M. D. Middle Door; etc.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means Right; L. Left; C. Center; R. C. Right Center; L. C. Left Center; etc. The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the audience.

---

TMP92-008705

TERRE HAUTE, IND.:

L. M. & C. C. Brown, Printers, Aug. 1, 1882.

# JEWELLED HEARTS:

A Domestic Melodrama, in Four Acts.

BY

CHALMERS C. BROWN.

## ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A neat and picturesque Park in the Village of—, on the banks of the Hudson River, occupied by a German as a Wine Garden. The stage settings so arranged as to appear pleasing and inviting. A cottage on right, hammock up back, urns with plants, statuary, two wine tables, chairs, rustic settee, etc. A picturesque view of the Hudson and mountain range seen in the distance. At rise of curtain, enter Marie (wife of Charles Augustus,) and Ruth, arm in arm, center, through Balustrade.*

*Marie.*—O dear me, I am so fatigued. [*Reclines in hammock—Ruth goes to settee.*] You know, cousin Ruth, that Charles Augustus and I seldom walk far when at home. We drive such a lovely span of blacks. O they are just exquisitely too too.

*Ruth.*—I am sure you enjoy your new home and pleasant surroundings very much. But, dear cousin, were you not a little hasty in marrying a man so much your senior?

*Marie.*—Why, you silly girl. Have not a great many of our most fascinating novels led the blushing heroine to the altar with a jolly man of fifty, who's heritage has ripened with his years? And do you suppose that Charles Augustus, who clubs with the brokers of Wall Street, and has scarcely anything to occupy his time but honor invitations to dinner parties and receive guests of rank and position, would think of marrying an old maid or a widow in black? Ha, ha, ha, the idea! His whole nature is full of romance, and he could be content with none but a young and blooming bride. And I—well, am much more content with being an old man's darling than I should of being a young man's slave.

*Ruth.*—We came over on purpose to enjoy some of your choice Port wine.

*Hanz.*—Dot vas der pest vine von der whole country. It vos schlip down shust so easy like nodings. [*Exit Hanz for wine.*]

*Marie.*—Charles Augustus, dear, assist me to dismount.

*Chas. Aug.*—Certainly, my lamb, certainly. [*Grace and Pearl laughing without.*] The little girls are coming this way—shall I invite them, my darling, to join us?

*Marie.*—If they belong to our class of society it would be well. [*All seated. Enter Grace and Pearl from cottage, admiring their new dresses without observiny any one.*]

*Pearl.*—What would mama think to see us now in our handsome new dresses?

*Grace.*—I expect she would think that we have walked to the end of a rainbow and found a pot of gold.

*Pearl.*—Hanz is the best man ever was for making us such a nice present.

*Grace.*—Yes, indeed. They cast a sad reflection on our old outfit. [*Enter Hanz with wine and C. A. pays as he sets wine on table.*]

*Hanz.*—Hallo, you vas got der new frocks on, eh? How you like 'em?

*Grace.*—O, they are ever so nice.

*Chas. Aug.*—Little girls, will you not join us?

*Grace.*—[*Bowing.*] No, thank you; we never indulge.

*Pearl.*—[*Bowing.*] No, we never; "cause mama says we musn't."

*Marie.*—How imprudent for little girls to be running about without attendants.

*Hanz.*—I vos shust look a leetle oudt von der shilderns.

*Chas. Aug.*—Ha, ha, ha! O, I see—they are the little girls who entertain your guests at times, eh?

*Hanz.*—Yah.

*Chas. Aug.*—Will they not honor us with something to while away the time?

*Hanz.*—Vel, I sbose tey could, put tey vas cume von der rehearsal. May pe dot tey vas sboke sometings. [*To Grace.*] You didn't vas mind dot, eh?

*Grace.*—Something pathetic, comic, or esthetic?

*Marie.*—O dear, nothing esthetic. It is to utterly ut for anything. [*Grace gives choice reading.*]



*Ruth.*—That was very interesting, to me, at least. [*To Pearl.*] And cannot you give us something too?

*Pearl.*—Yes mam. I will tell you about——[*After reciting Pearl goes to Marie for a contribution, and says:*] Anything from a postage stamp to a gold dollar is always thankfully received.

*Marie.*—O dear, how brazen!

*Pearl.*—Yes, it's a terrible thing for poor children to want money. [*To Chas. Aug.*] If you please?

*Chas. Aug.*—[*Fumbling in pockets.*] I, I, I don't believe I have any small change—another time, sissie, another time.

*Pearl.*—[*To Ruth.*] And will you—

*Ruth.*—O yes, I have some change. [*Gives money.*]

*Pearl.*—[*Bowing.*] Thank you. [*Goes to Grace, and they walk slowly back.*]

*Marie.*—Charles Augustus, I think we had better go; it is almost time for our evening drive. The monotony of the park is so trying on one's nerves.

*Chas. Aug.*—I believe we had, my dear, I believe we had. [*Going off.*]

*Ruth.*—Good by, all. [*Grace and Pearl throw her a kiss.*]

*Hanz.*—Vel, shust calls some oder dime, ven it vas convenient. [*Exit C. A., Marie and Ruth U. E.*]

*Grace.*—Now, Hanz, let us rehearse our new piece. Pearl and I wish to make a good impression upon the excursionists who will assemble here next Saturday.

*Hanz.*—Dot's puliy, und you vas make der bockets full mit monies. [*Grace and Pearl come forward.*]

*Pearl.*—O dear, that lady was just too too esthetically ut.

[*Trio song and dance.*]

*Hanz.*—It vas petter dot you shange der frocks, und bractice a leetle von der trill.

*Grace.*—Au revore, Hanz.

*Pearl.*—Ta, ta, Hanz. [*Exit both into cottage.*]

*Hanz.*—Dose shilderns vas pin habby von der new frocks. I vas glat dot I pied tem. Der boor mooter vas piu bleased of she see der gals von der new frocks. [*Hums some German air as he gets glasses from table and goes into cottage. Enter Charles Rockmore L. U. E. He slowly and gracefully surveys the surroundings—sits at table—touches gong. Re-enter Hanz.*]

*Hanz.*—[*Courtising.*] Gude efenings. I didn't vas know dot you cume.

*Rockmore.*—Have you some really good wine?

*Hanz.*—Vel, I should schmile I haf. I didn't vas sell no oder kindt. Der pest of it kilts der beoples quick enough mit oudt sellin rat boisen.

*Rockmore.*—You are rather open in your confession, considering the banner you sail under.

*Hanz.*—Der vas no use dellin von sthory ven der druth vas shust so gude. [*Gets wine.*]

*Rockmore.*—[*Drinks and puts down glass.*] Very good, indeed. You have an exceedingly fine place here. It strikes me as something out of the usual routine for so small a town to boast of.

*Hanz.*—Dot ish so; und I vas batronized py der resbecdable beople all together; und I vas make it more bleasant ash a shurch social. Der beoples cume of dis blace ter rest a vile, und trink der vine, und got der luncheon, und schmoke, mit oudt der roughs hangin roundt von der dreats. Und peside all dot, der leetle fairies, Grace und Pearl Stirling—

*Rockmore.*—[*Starting violently, and hissing through his teeth.*] Grace und Pearl Stirling!

*Hanz.*—Vy, vat der tuyvel vas der matter mit yourself?

*Rockmore.*—Oh, nothing. I am troubled with heart disease, and sudden cessations of the heart, when it fails to properly perform its functions, almost unmans me at times. It is all right now. Proceed.

*Hanz.*—Py shimminies, dot vas pad! Vel, Grace und Pearl, tey vas cume roundt a couble a dimes a veek und dance, und sing, und trill mit der guns, und make lots of funs shust like der show beoples. O, tey vas der poss schilderns; und shust so burty like von bicture. Der mooter vas not so wery stoudt, und der gals vas make monies dot vay to help tings along. Dot vas nice in dem, too.

*Rockmore.*—Tell me something of their mother! I take a deep interest in helping the poor, when they are worthy.

*Hanz.*—Vel, you shust pet der poots dot families ish warty. Put I didn't vas could toldt you so wery moch apoudt dot Mrs. Stirling; only dot she vas a nice voomans. She vas a vider ven she cume mit der blace, more ash tri months ago. Und Grace she cume of mine frau und ask vere she vind oudt some sewing for der mooter. Poorty soon she cume roundt vonce more, und ask me how I like ter haf her und leetle

Pearl cume of der park in der efenings, und dance, und sing, und nunder tings ter blease der beoples. By shimminies, dot caught me right a vay! I vas pin dot kindt of a rooster mine-self. Und efry podies vas cume to see tose schilderns make funs.

*Rockmore.*—Did Grace ever tell you what became of her father?

*Hanz.*—Yah. Grace doldt me dot her fader vas got murdered und robt mit der shib. Poorty soon ofter Pearl vas porn, der mooter vas got awful sick, und Mr. Stirling vas daken der families of Europe ven he vas kildt. Und den Mrs. Stirling haf ter sell all her shewelries und tings mit der bawn prokers ter life mit dill she vas got sthougt.

*Rockmore.*—Did you ever learn where they resided previous to coming here, and what her maiden name was?

*Hanz.*—You tink dot I vas bump der schild und vind oudt der whole bedegree? Dot vas not mine pizness. Vel, excuse me, I vas got ter put some luncheon mit der dables on. [*Crosses R.*] I pet me more ash dwo dollar und fufey cent dot vellers vas a vly crook, und I vas shust keep me von eye oben mit him. [*Exit Hanz into cottage.*]

*Rockmore.*—Ha, ha, ha! So the Dutchman doesn't know their pedigree. Well, I do; and it is lucky for me that circumstances compelled me to lay over here all night, else I may never again have been able to renew the trail she has so deftly covered up. Curse her! Since the day she raised her proud head and scorned my proffer of marriage I have been like a blood-hound upon her track. I have so far succeeded in bringing her to absolute poverty that she must needs now allow her daughters entertain the customers of a Dutch-wine garden. I shall loiter near by, to get a glimpse of the fairies, as the Dutchman calls them; then get the bearings of their humble home, and before to-morrow's sun peeps from the orient to proclaim another day, I shall have set a new trap to engulf their dear mama. When the last of all she holds dear on this earth is gone, then she will do my bidding, or wither, like a faded flower, and pass away, with no one to mark the spot where she lies. [*Walks back, sits, reads paper, and takes notes. Enter Mr. Harry Lamar, L. U. E., as Hanz returns with lunch.*]

*Lamar.*—Good evening, Hanz.

*Hanz.*—Vel, py shimminies, wickates! How it vas I vind

oudt dot you cume see me? It vas der virst dime dot you efer vas pin here. I didn't vas could make it oudt.

*Lamar.*—Yes, the first time, Hanz. I am negotiating for this property, and have called with the view of learning just what condition it is in, and of ascertaining from you your idea of its value.

*Hanz.*—Vel, I tot it vas vunny I vind you here—and dot ox-blains it. Der house und grounds vas in fine condition—petter ash nefer pefore; und I tinks me dot it vas wort efrey cent of five dousant dollar und fufey cent.

*Lamar.*—Very well, Hanz, I shall take into consideration the estimate you place upon it; and I find the grounds present a very creditable appearance. You see, the heirs to this estate are not satisfied with their income, and are determined to sell; so I have concluded to buy to prevent it falling into the hands of parties who might make it a disreputable place. And in such an event, my homestead, being near by, would be rendered worthless, to me at least.

*Hans.*—[*Scratching his head.*] How vas dot, now? Of you py der broperty, den I vas got ter back ub und skib, eh?

*Lamar.*—Oh, no, Hanz, not necessarily. You bear the reputation of being an honest, sober and upright man. One who has never been known to violate a single clause of the law governing your business. You have never been drunk, nor have never been known to either give or sell a drop of liquor to a minor, or even to a man who was in the habit of getting drunk. I am ably informed that there was never a man even allowed to drink enough liquor on these premises to become intoxicated. I have also learned that not only do you refuse to give an inebriate liquor, but that you are untiring, in your good, easy way, in persuading them to abstain from its influences all together. You have, in many instances, co-operated with the temperance league in furnishing subsistence to the families of such men, and in helping to raise the poor mortals from their damning curse back to manhood. No, Hanz, though I have been a temperance man all my life, and spent much time and money in assisting wretchedly wrecked humanity, yet I can proudly grasp you by the hand, and say: that so long as our beautiful land must tolerate the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, may the All Wise Providence place it in the hands of such men as you to mete out.

*Hanz.*—Vel, I nefer tot so moech ash dot apoudt it. Ve vas got burty gude und sdrong laws mit dis coundry, und vy in ter tuyvel dondt der beoples make der saloon keebbers lif ub mit dem?

*Lamar.*—"Ah, there's the rub," Hanz! We have offices of every conceivable nature, so woven together in their calling, and so appointed as to carry out to the letter every law upon our statutes, that if filled by men who held the people's interest at heart, they could so tighten the meshes as to compel every saloon-keeper to conduct their business as you do yours. But there is seldom more than one or two men in a community who consider their oath of office anything but a mere matter of form, and never pretend to fill it with any purpose other than to pocket the money it guarantees them, or to receive the sham honors with which it invests them. But I do not wish to be making a speech here, Hanz, so I shall bid you a friendly good evening. [*Grace and Pearl R. U. E. marking time—Grace says: Shoulder arms! Company by twos, file right—march! They still mark time until Hanz says:*]

*Hanz.*—Shust you vait a minute, und I vas make you oequainted mit doze leetle gals vot movet here vile you vas pin away.

[*Enter Grace and Pearl with guns—coming down C. they give military movements by music—then go through manual of arms without speaking—give salute.*]

*Hanz.*—Grace und Pearl, I vas indrotuce mit you mine vriendt, Mr. Lamar. [*They courtesy very low.*]

*Lamar.*—Bless me! I was not aware that our little village had been graced with your presence during my absence. But I trust we shall learn to know each other better, and that our acquaintance will prove both pleasant and agreeable. [*Pearl bows and runs to hammock.*]

*Grace.*—Thanks, sir. And I trust our acquaintance with you, as with many other gentlemen we have met here, will grow in interest and respect.

*Pearl.*—Oh, Hanz! please make some lemonade, for I am so thirsty. If you will I'll promise to be real nice to you?

*Hanz.*—Yah, I vill. [*To Lamar*] I vas always make schwi glass lemonade mit der gals ven tey cume—now I make fere—so shust sid town und ve haf von pully doast.

*Lamar.*—Very well, Hanz. I shall honor you this time. [*Exit Hanz into cottage. Lamar and Grace sit at table.*]

*Pearl*.—Trol-a-loo, Hanz. Oh, Mr. Lamar: how many little children have you got at your house?

*Lamar*.—None at all, Pearl. I am what is called a bachelor.

*Pearl*.—Aint got no little girls or boys! Well, isn't that too bad. Mama says she doesn't know what she'd do if she didn't have Grace and I; because we're all that's left to comfort her, and make life worth living for. She gets awful sad sometimes, and it's all Grace and I can do to make her laugh.

*Grace*.—Yes, but when mama feels real well then she is just as lively as a kitten, and we have more fun with her than a little. Why, she acts just like a little girl herself, and does so many cute things to amuse us.

*Lamar*.—It is evident that your mama is a true, constant, and noble woman; for it is easy, in one accustomed to reading human nature, to see the character, disposition and everyday life of a mother reflected in her children. The mother who is so disposed to spend a portion of each day in romp and play with her children is richer, in the eyes of the public, than the most pompous millionheir. The parents who teach their children, by acts and deeds, to love them above all others, and make them their confidants in all things, are truly Godly.

*Grace*.—Well, if you don't talk just like mama does. One would think, if they were not otherwise informed, that you were both reared under the same roof. It is true, as Pearl said, that mama gets very sad sometimes; and oh! I have tried so hard to get her to tell me what caused the sadness. But she would only say—"not now, my child. When you are older I may tell you. Your life is full of sunshine now, and I wish it to remain so." And one night—just before we moved here—when she thought Pearl and I were asleep—I heard her praying—and she said, "Oh, my God! have you, too, forsaken me? My means of support is almost gone; my health is failing; and my friends have all deserted me. Am I ever to be shadowed and persecuted so mysteriously by him who leaves me no chance or clue by which my injuries may be righted?" Those words have ever lain heavily upon my mind. I shall never forget them. The next morning I asked mama what she meant; but she only smiled, and said she was declaiming, for passtime, a piece she had learned when a little girl. But she is looking so much better, and has been real jolly since we moved here. And Pearl and I are delighted with the grand

scenery along the Hudson. On a Sunday, not long since, Hans took us ever so many miles up the river in a sail boat.

*Pearl.*—Yes, and we had the jolliest time ever was. I caught two little fishes. They were just too handsome. Hanz said they were too little to eat, and wouldn't let me bring them home. I put them back in the water, and they swimed off. Hanz bought some nice big ones, though, for us take home. He's awful good. [*Enter Hanz with lemonade.*]

*Hanz.*—Here vas der lemonade. Cume now, Pearl, und trink yours. [*All seated.*]

*Lamar.*—Well, Hanz, since you proposed giving a toast, we shall be patient listners if you will honor us.

*Hanz.*—Vel, here vas der gude health mit us all, und may dese shilderns nefer got mixed ub mit vorse companies ash tey vas now.

*Lamar.*—Very appropriate, indeed, Hanz. I see that you honor and respect them with as true a heart as if they were your own. So I shall add to your toast by saying: May true society never scoff at or look down upon them in their present calling, but ever extend a willing hand to assist them in reaching that position among humanity where the gods are pleased to smile upon.

*Grace.*—Many thanks, gentlemen. And here's that I, personally, may soon know, and meet, face to face, the foul assassin of my noble father.

*Rockmore.*—[*Aside.*] Could they have overheard me soliloquising a moment ago; or is fate slowly unraveling the hidden mysteries of the past? By jove! I feel a little queer. The shades of night suits my purpose best. I shall abide the time. [*Exit Rockmore L. U. E.*]

*Hanz.*—Gracie, dot may pe all right dot you meet dot vellers vace mit vace, put I tink it vas petter dot you dondt.

*Lamar.*—Why, how is that, Miss Grace—your father assassinated?

*Hanz.*—Shust nefer mindt pout it now. I vas dolt you all pye und pye. Cume, Pearl, vas you got von doast too?

*Pearl.*—Yes sir-e, of course I have.

*Hanz.*—Vel, sbit it oudt.

*Pearl.*—May somebody that I love not have to work much longer, and have a nice home, and a horse and carriage, and everything nice.

*Lamar.*—Who is it, Pearl, that is in need of all these things, and that you prize so highly?

*Pearl.*—My mama!

*Lamar.*—Nobly said.

*Hanz.*—Dots pully. It vas der pest doast mit all.

*Lamar.*—Here, Pearl, take this, [*Gives her money.*] and may it aid you in helping to accomplish the end you so long for.

*Pearl.*—Oh! thank you, sir. You put it in your pocket, Grace; I might lose it.

*Grace.*—[*Holding out money.*] Have you not made a mistake, Mr. Lamar; it is an hundred dollars?

*Lamar.*—No, keep it. 'Twill do you more good than me.

*Hanz.*—Py shimminies, dot vas make you rich! So cume, now, got der guns und show Mr. Lamar how you vas shoot.

*Grace.*—With the greatest of pleasure. Hanz, please arrange a target; and if Mr. Lamar will honor us by loading the guns, we will give an exhibition for his own gratification.

*Lamar.*—Certainly.

*Hanz.*—Gracie, shust steb mit der house in und got der darget guns, vile I make ready der oder tings. [*Exit Grace.*]

*Pearl.*—Are you fond of hunting, Mr. Lamar?

*Lamar.*—O yes, I am very fond of such sport.

*Hanz.*—Vel, I should snicker dot he vas. I pet me dwo tolar und fufey cent dot he kill more ash a tozen pig pears ven he vas mit California in.

*Pearl.*—Oh, my! [*Enter Grace with guns.*]

*Grace.*—Here they are, and the cartridges. [*Hands them to Lamar.*]

*Hanz.*—Now see of you hit dot tri dimes a biece. [*Grace leads off, and while shooting any by-talk to suit the occasion may be gotten off.*]

*Lamar.*—[*After the shooting.*] Every day I become more and more convinced that the women of America, in no distant future, will be wielding a power equal to man in every respect. Not only at the polls with their ballots for truth, honesty, and morality, but that they will be fully prepared and competent to wield a mighty power on the field of battle as well. When woman stands on an equal footing with man in all things, then will our proud flag not only be feared and honored by all nations, but it will be truly blessed. [*Hanz and children salute him. Curtain.*]



## ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Home of Mrs. George Stirling. Cheap furniture—everything neat and tidy. Table in center—paper, pen, ink, lamp, etc. Large portrait of George Stirling on easel. At rise of curtain Mrs. Stirling is discovered sitting by table sewing.*

*Mrs. S.*—I wish I could shake off the strange feeling I have had all day. For the first time since I left New York that strange foreboding—that something which seems to come in the form of a presentment—hangs heavily upon my mind. Only too well have I learned its meaning. Yet what harm can come to us here? Perhaps it would have been better had I assumed another name—but why should I? God knows I never, in all my life, committed an unpardonable sin, in thought, word, or deed. I cannot remember of ever harming anyone, or doing a single thing to render any person unhappy. Yes—once. But in that I was justifiable. [*Rockmore at center door, knocking.*] I wonder who that can be? Possibly some of the neighbors. [*Opens door.*]

*Rockmore.*—[*In door, disguised.*] Have I the honor of addressing Mrs. Stirling? [*Presents his card.*]

*Mrs. S.*—Yes sir. Will you walk in. Be seated, please. [*Looks at card, and turns to him saying:*] Mr. Jennings, have we ever met before; or do you call as a stranger?

*Rockmore.*—Yes, we have met before—at wide intervals through life. The last time, if I remember rightly, it was in Liverpool—about six months after the death of your husband. And—

*Mrs. S.*—Mr. Charles Rockmore—for now I know you—why do you come here, disguised, and under an assumed name? I had thought our acquaintance ended some five years ago! [*Pointing to door.*] Go! It is not fitting that I should allow you an audience with me.

*Rockmore.*—Do not be too hasty, madam. Be seated, and I shall explain.

*Mrs. S.*—I cannot perceive of any good that may result from an explanation—but since you are here, and wish it—I grant you a hearing. [*Sits.*]

*Rockmore.*—Even before George Stirling claimed you for his wife I loved you; “but like a cringing fool bowed at a distance, while he stepped in and won you.” From that day until the assassin’s hand made you a widow, “I plunged in vice. Night

after night found me at the gaming table. I led a wild and reckless life." All, all this was done to root out the strong love I bore you! I allowed you to live in peace and quiet, and George Stirling to enjoy the love which I seemed born to claim, without a murmur! By chance, I was on board the same ship—sailing for the same port—when your husband fell. And though I envied him with all the jealousy the human heart is capable of, yet I should have struck down the assassin on the spot, had I known who he was! The man whom it was afterward believed committed the deed received his reward. You were sick at the time—among strangers—and rendered penniless, except through the medium of your jewels. Assistance came to you immediately, in the way of extra nurses and plenty of money. On arriving at Liverpool you found a good home, good attendants, and all that mind could wish for. Six months had passed before you were stout enough to be about. Then, and not till then did you learn from whence this succor came. I called upon you—threw myself at your feet—and offered you all I possessed on earth for the privilege of calling you my own. You requested me to leave you alone in your misery until you had time to reflect upon the matter. The following day I departed for London; and at the end of two months returned; to find you—gone. My banker handed me a letter that was left, by you, in his keeping. This letter contained a check for all monies I had expended upon you and your children. It contained the respects of a mother for the timely yet unsolicited aid and care of herself and little ones. And it contained a point-blank refusal to accept my proffer of marriage! You rehearsed at length my past life; and considered it an unpardonable sin to allie the future of the wife of George Stirling with Charles Rockmore! For the children's sake, if for no other, you considered it right and just to decline.

*Mrs. S.*—And is it to relate all this that you have called? To refresh the memory upon a theme that should be forever buried with the past? Mr. Charles Rockmore, I owe you nothing! At school, while yet in your teens, you were credited with devising plots and schemes that would undermine the very devil himself! You took advantage of me in my misfortune, and lavished wealth upon me and my children without my knowing from whom or whence it came! You weighed every kindness—every dollar—in the balance well! Knowing

that if I should decline your offer of marriage, I would sell the last jewel I possessed—even to my wedding ring—to repay you! You reckoned well; for the last vestage went to pay that debt! You followed me to New York—found me in a shop, sewing for a paltry sum that barely furnished sustenance for my children. In less than a year later I was charged with theft and dismissed. I knew at the time who laid the plot, but was powerless to resent it. Every place I obtained work afterward a similar fate befel me. My most intimate friends grew suspicious of me; and at last, heart-broken, sick and almost penniless, I found refuge here. Grace and Pearl saw that something must be done to prevent the wolf entering our door, so they took advantage of what a young cadet and myself had taught them, and are now amusing the customers of a German wine garden for means by which to sustain life. Is not the wreck you have made of me and mine complete? Are you not satisfied?

*Rockmore.*—Yes. I shall make amends for all that has past. Come, forget and forgive; and trust your future happiness into my keeping!

*Mrs. S.*—Villian! Though you dispised George Stirling, and have insulted his wife, yet spare the mother of his children! Go! Your presence is too revolting for human eyes to tolerate!

*Rockmore.*—Will you still be a fool? Come, listen to reason! [*Takes hold of her.*]

*Mrs. S.*—Unhand me! [*Jerks loose.*] Oh! how I wish the earth could open, like the jaws of a monster demon, and burry you within its utmost depths for ever! Leave me! and I shall allow you to depart in peace; else I shall call the neighbors.

*Rockmore.*—[*Drawing stiletto.*] Not now—I have gone too far! Utter one cry for help, and I shall plunge this dagger into your heart! and then my own.

*Mrs. S.*—Villian! You have me in your power; yet I do not fear you. If it were not for my children's sake I should compell you to leave the house, or execute the deed your cowardly lips have just proclaimed!

*Rockmore.*—[*Replacing dagger.*] Go on, go on! Vent your spleen with all the scourge your proud nature can heap upon me. And when you have done, sit down and cry. Women are always more considerate, and more easily tamed, after they have had a good crying spell.

*Mrs. S.*—Oh! you inhuman, torturing wretch! [*Maddened, starts at him.*]

*Rockmore.*—[*Hastily draws dagger.*] H-u-s-h! Some one comes! Make one movement, or utter a single word to arouse suspicion, and you die! [*She sinks in chair L. Rockmore sits at table C. and writes. Enter Grace and Pearl C. D.; set guns aside, then go to Mrs. S. and kiss her.*]

*Pearl.*—Oh, mama! we had such a splendid time this evening. There weren't many at the park, but we got more money than ever before. Grace, show it mama.

*Grace.*—[*Motioning silence.*] No. I wish to have mama guess. Mama, who is the gentleman, that you do not introduce us?

*Mrs. S.*—[*Agitated.*] A tax assessor.

*Grace.*—Why, mama, you look so queer? Are you sick?

*Mrs. S.*—No, dear. My mind has been somewhat troubled. But all will be well with me soon.

*Pearl.*—Oh, dear! I am getting so sleepy. Mama, may I lie upon the lounge awhile?

*Mrs. S.*—Yes, dear. Perhaps sister will lie down and rest with you. [*She kisses them.*]

*Grace.*—After a while, mama, I will tell you about the handsome presents that Hanz gave us to-day. [*They go to lounge.*]

*Mrs. S.*—Very well. I shall be pleased to learn what they are.

*Rockmore.*—Excuse me, children, but I should like for you to remain quiet while I draft these papers. [*Children lie down and go to sleep.*]

*Mrs. S.*—[*Rising.*] Well, sir; is your mission ended?

*Rockmore.*—[*Rising.*] Your attention for a moment, if you please? [*She goes to table.*] Be seated, please. I have written here a full pardon for myself, from you; and a promise, from you, that under no consideration will you ever reveal what has passed between us. Sign this paper, and I shall depart from beneath your roof—never to molest you again in all my life. [*She takes up pen, examines the paper, and signs.*]

*Mrs. S.*—Oh! can it be that my constant prayer has been granted at last? Heaven be praised that the curse which has been sapping my life is at an end! [*She attempts to rise; staggers; faints. Rockmore catches her, and eases her down on floor.*]

*Rockmore.*—The sudden joy of being freed from my clutches was too much for her, and she has swooned away. Now to

strike the final blow, that will make her get upon her knees and accept my hand, or die from grief. [*He produces handkerchief and vial; steals upon the children; chloroforms them. Goes to door, looks out, and returns to carry off children. As he gets in door with Pearl, he says:*] "Farewell! And if for ever, fare-the-well!" You flitted around, like a silly fly; guarding well the webs that were spun to ensnare you, to enter the most deadly and obscure one at last. [*Exit with Pearl C. D.*]

*Hanz.*—[*Without, knocking at C. D.*] It vas no podies put me; Hanz, vot lifs mit der bark. [*Peeping in.*] Vel, py shimminies! all gone mit der peds in, und leaf der toor oben! [*Steps in and calls:*] Gracie! vas you got home? [*Sees Mrs. S.*] Py shimminies! I vonder vat's der madder mit Mrs. Stirling! Maype dot she pudge a leetle ven der shilderns vas pin oudt. [*Peeps in side room.*] Der shilderns vas not cume home yet. I vonder how dot vas. I go vindt tem. [*Starts, sees guns, etc.*] Vel, here vas der guns und tings; I vonder vere in ter tuyvél doze shilderns vas? [*Calling.*] Mrs. Stirling, vere vas Grace und Pearl? She vas sleeb awful soundt. [*Shakes her gently.*] Cume, vake ub! Py shimminies! vas she gone deadt! [*Listens to her breathe.*] No; she vas preathe. I vonder of she got zick und vaint; und der shilderns vas gone mit der tocdor? Vat I do! Vat vill I do? [*Sees water picher.*] Of she vas got zick und vaint, I but vater mit der vace on, und den she vas got avake. [*He pretends to sprinkle her face; she moves; he raises her head; she speaks.*]

*Mrs. S.*—Where am I? Who's here? Is he gone?

*Hanz.*—Dis vas me, Hanz, vat lifs mit der bark. Vat's der madder mit you, somehow?

*Mrs. S.* [*Looking around.*] Is he gone? Grace and Pearl, where are they? [*Rises.*]

*Hanz.*—I didn't vas could dolt you. Tey vas gone ven I cume. A shentlemans, town mit der bark, gif Pearl von hundred tollar dis efenings; und efrey zince der shilderns vas pin gone I feels me sometings here, [*heart.*] und here, [*head.*] vat zay to me—look a leetle oudt mit der shilderns; tey vas got robt, or sometings like dot. I vas pin so oneasy poudt it dot I didn't vas could rest dill I cume see how it vas minezelf. Now I vindt Grace und Pearl gone, und you vaint mit der vloer on. How vas dot?

*Mrs. S.*—Oh! my God! I see it all! The children were

asleep when I fainted. He must have carried off my babies! Oh! heavens! can it be true—can it be true! [*Sinks in chair.*]

*Hanz.*—[*Excited.*] How vas dot! Somepodies sdeal der gals? You know dot berson? Vot he look like?

*Mrs. S.*—[*Gives discription.*] For heaven's sake, man, be quick, and summon aid to rescue them! I have no money to offer you—nothing but a mother's blessing!

*Hanz.*—Shust hefer mindt pout monies und dem kindt of tings. I vas got a heart so pig like von gallon shug, und I vas lose doze shilderns so moch ash minezself. Cume, right avay quick, und I vas dake you mit der hodel, vere you sday dill der shilderns vas pin voundt.

*Mrs. S.*—I will go with you. Perhaps 'twill be best.

*Hanz.*—Shust lock der toor und leaf der tings dill mornings. Only dot I dake der guns so tey didn't vas got sdolen.

*Mrs. S.*—Come; no time must be lost. [*Exit both. Curtain.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*Open Woods, set in 1. Enter Hanz, R.*

*Hanz.*—Vel, dis vas a vine bickle vat Lamar got minezself in. He say dot I shust vait mit tese voods, und he cume right avay quick. I pet me two tollar und fufcy cent dot he vas pin lost. I eadt me von lunch vile I vait mit him. [*Sits C. Gets onion.*] Dot's an onion. Vone of der sdrongest tings vat nature vas eier broduce. [*Gets cheese.*] Dot's sheeze—Limburger sheeze. You vas sdick him von der rich groundt, vere he sday a vile, und pye und pye der nose vas vind him oudt more quicker ash der onion. Of I vas got for five cent peer I vould feels petter. Nix peer dis dime. No tings von der pig voods put pears und tings like dot. Pig plack pears, too; vat eadt ub sauerkraut Dutchman. I vish dot I vas got vone jasacks—vone of doze nize kindt, poudt so gross, vot didn't vas got der packs ub und shake handts pehindt. [*Draws revolvers.*] I vonder of der oldt brescription cases vas all right. I vas puy dem of der bawn prokers—two tollar und fufcy cent a biece. Tey vas puy dem pack vor a tollar. Of you vas got von der pehindt zide, und douch der sbring, it vas drow oudt zeven bills. Dot vas kildt or cure efrey dimes; shust like der brescription caze von der trugsdore. Nix gude schnaps pehindt tem. [*Rises.*] Dot willian, he sdeal a poat dot night und dake der gals mit der

Hudson. I tink me dot he purn der poat und dake der gals mit der pig moundains in, or some tings like dot. May pe dot Lamar vindt der drail, und vas gone some oder vay. I go mit der pig moundains onyvay—may pe dot I vindt oudt some-tings. Fer domdt und tuyvel! he vas make me efrey tings oudt. Der bark vas pin pusted vide shud of I sday away some more. I kill him, und led der puzzards eadt him. I vas shust make him zeven holes mit der oldt brescription caze; den he vas make no more drouples mit der gals. Py shimminies, I vas pin madt! und of I vind him oudt he know dot. Ven I vas got von tob mine ear, shust look a leedle oudt. [*Exit Hanz L. This scene to be opened quickly for scene 2.*]

SCENE 2.—*A wild, romantic, Mountain Grotto scene. A Camp Fire C. Dinner being prepared by Grace. Pearl is discovered sitting L. C., and Rockmore on R., with pencil and memorandum book, writing.*

*Grace.*—Will your royal highness condescend to assume the laborious task of getting some fewel? The fire burns low, and must be attended to. Since we are forbidden to step twenty paces from the grotto, I suppose we must look to you for fewel or go hungry.

*Rockmore.*—I see you have begun to display some of your mother's peerishness. Remember, you are in my power; and if you persist in insulting remarks I shall teach you to know what it is to be hungry before I have done with you!

*Pearl.*—Please, sir, may I get some wood?

*Rockmore.*—No!

*Pearl.*—There is some lying over there. I won't go far?

*Rockmore.*—No! no!

*Pearl.*—Mean thing! I wish a big bear would come here right now, and eat you up!

*Rockmore.*—You are a chip off the old block too, eh? I wish to hear no more from you.

*Pearl.*—You are the meanest man in all this big world. If Hanz was here I'd tell him to whip you, too, so I would. [*Goes to Grace, weeping.*] I want my mama.

*Grace.*—[*Petting her.*] Don't cry, Pearl. We have to do as he says now. But it won't be long until someone will find us. Why, Pearl, your heart flutters like a little bird when over-powered by a monster snake. [*To Rockmore.*] Coward that

you are, to speak so harshly to a little child! I can stand your taunts and jeers; yet I would sooner die than have you utter one word to break her young heart. During our captivity I have consoled her with the idea that nothing serious had happened us, and cheered the little soul with the thought that mama was coming soon to spend a while in the mountains for recreation, and then take us home. To-day you have broken the charm, and she begins to see things in their true light. Oh! how I wish God would smite you to the earth and blot you out of existence forever!

*Rockmore.*—Such utterances go for naught. The echo, as it resounds from your cell within, falls flat upon the ear like a hollow mockery. But enough. The note I have just been writing, is to your mother. If she accepts the proposition, and will pay the ransom I ask, the freedom of these desolate surroundings are at your command. Though the sacrifice may seem great, yet I shall test the depth of the love she bears her children. When you have finished your meal, I shall return you to your cell, and then mail this at the nearest station. So lose no time, for the journey is a tiresome one, and I must return before the shades of night begin to fall.

*Grace.*—If it is to exact something from mama that she would not do with her own free will, a just God will not permit it, when appealed to from the hearts of two defenceless souls. Kneel, sister—kneel with me—while I pray to our Heavenly Father to spare our dear mama from falling into the hands of such a monster! [*They kneel.*]

*Rockmore.*—Get up, you little devils! and go to your cell—or I shall flog you both within an inch of your life!

*Grace.*—[*As they rise Grace looks left and sees Hanz.*] Now, monster! your fate will be sealed! Our prayer is answered! Help is close at hand!

*Pearl.*—[*Runs back and sees Hanz.*] Goodie, goodie, goodie! it's Hanz!

*Rockmore.*—Curse you! [*Pushes Grace upon the ground L. She screams. Rockmore draws revolver and steps behind tree R.*]

*Hanz.*—[*Without.*] Somepodies vas got kilt? Vat's der madder, somehow? [*Enters L., 2 E.*] Aha! it vas you! Vere ish der fer domdt scoundrel vat makes der droubles? I vas shust eadt him ub, und sbit him oudt von der groundt!

*Pearl.*—[*Pointing.*] There he is, Hanz. Look out; he's going to shoot you!



*Rockmore.*—[*Springing from tree.*] Stand! Throw up your hands!

*Hanz.*—I vill! I vill! Don'd shood! I vas pin funnins! Shust holdt dot brescription caze high town von der groundt a leedle, of you blease.

*Rockmore.*—Pearl, get the revolver from the Dutchman, and bring it to me! [*Does so, weeping.*]

*Pearl.*—Please, sir, don't shoot Hanz. He is such a good man. [*Goes back C. crying.*]

*Hans.*—I make you vone brezent mit der bistol, und it vas a pully gude vone. I go pack und dells Lamar dot you vas not mit der pig moundains in; und dot it vas petter ve go home und sday mit der pizness.

*Rockmore.*—Not much. You were on my trail, and would have shot me down in cold blood had you gotten the first drop. The man who seeks my life, or seeks to frustrate my plans, never lives to boast of it.

*Hanz.*—I vas no sedder tog ter go mit der drail on; und I didn't vas could shood a vlock of pulls. Mine goodness gracious, Mr. gude mans, you vas not shood a poor Dutchman vat's got no fader und mooter? Und mine frau she kick vone large pucket of her Hanz vas durn mit der does ub.

*Rockmore.*—Do not waste your breath in idle words. If you are a praying saint, drop to your knees! In one minute you may take a peep into the future.

*Hanz.*—Boo-hoo-hoo! Mine Godt un Heimel, vot I do! Der bark vas pin pusted vide shud of I got shood! Boo-hoo-hoo! [*Hanz dodges about until he gets close to and immediately in front of Grace, then kneels.*]

*Grace.*—[*Half-kneeling.*] Sir, have pity on him! He is at your mercy. You can imprison him within the cave, until you remove us, and then free him. He will never seek to harm you again. Think of what you are about to do, and have compassion on the poor soul! [*Grace sees the revolver in his coat-tail pocket, and cautiously gets it.*]

*Pearl.*—[*Kneeling.*] Please don't kill my Hanz! He wouldn't hurt you!

*Rockmore.*—[*Fiendishly.*] Shut up! His death will prove a warning to others! If you have anything to say—say it quick! Time is precious!

*Hanz.*—I vas nix harm onypodies von der whole life; und

I vas gife you der whole pizness mit der bark of you but dot tings away. I didn't vas know dot you sdeal der gals, und—

*Pearl.*—[*Jumping up and pointing behind Rockmore.*] Look there—behind you!

[*Rockmore wheels quickly. Grace rises and shoots him as he turns back to face Hanz. He throws up his hands, drops pistol, reels and falls. Hanz falls forward with face burried in his arms.*]

*Hanz.*—[*Kicking and yelling.*] I vas kilt! I vas a deadt Dutchman! I vas pin a pig sdiff! [*Grace drops revolver, and sadly walks back C. Pearl runs and tragically gazes on Rockmore, then sees Hans, smiles as she points at him; steals upon him quickly, and sits upon his back.*]

*Pearl.*—Whoa! whoa, now! Get up; the other man is shot; you aren't hurt!

*Hanz.*—[*Peeping around at Pearl.*] Ish dot so? Who done dot? [*Gets off broad grin, and Pearl rises.*]

*Pearl.*—Grace shot him.

*Hanz.*—[*Rising.*] Py shimminies! I tot der olt brescription caze vas oxblode von der coat dail. Vat vor you ride me dot vay—you tot I vas pin a jasacks? [*Business examining coat tail, etc.*]

*Pearl.*—You kicked like one.

*Hanz.*—Vel, py shimminies; I vas not shood!

*Rockmore.*—[*Struggles; gets upon hands; calls in husky voice:*] Grace! Grace! [*She goes to him. Hanz picks up pistol Grace dropped—funny business—then he and Pearl follow Grace.*]

*Hanz.*—Vas you gone deadt, sure? [*Raises him in half sitting position.*]

*Rockmore.*—Yes. It will all be over with me in a minute or so. Ease me gently. I wish to speak with Grace a moment.

*Grace.*—[*Bendig over him.*] Yes, yes! I am listening!

*Rockmore.*—The last time you were at the park, you spoke of wishing to know who it was that had so wronged your mother; and in a toast, expressed the desire of meeting, face to face, your father's assassin.

*Grace.*—Yes, yes! It was—

*Rockmore.*—I—I am that wretch! [*Pearl weeps silently.*]

*Grace.*—Great heavens! can it bè true?

*Hanz.*—Py shimminies! vas dot so!

*Rockmore.*—Remove this beard from my face, and the wig from my head, and you can then look upon Charles Rockmore;

the man who has so basely wronged your mother, and made you two children fatherless!

*Hanz.*—[*Taking off wig, etc.*] Py shimminies! der vellers vot I keeb me vone eye oben mit der bark!

*Grace.*—Oh! why, why could you be so cruel?

*Rockmore.*—I was born a villian, and yet I loved the noblest woman on earth—your mother! I did it all because she would not be my wife. I should have murdered both you children, and then her, had she refused my last proposition—contained in the letter written a while ago. You, you have saved her and yourselves—and avenged your father's death. [*Grace and Pearl clasp each other in loving embrace, and weep silently.*] I have no near relatives left on earth either to mourn or glorify over my death. Inside my pocket, here, is a check-book. Get it for me, and I will sign a check, in favor of your mother, for all I have left—four times the amount I robbed your father of. [*Hanz gets check-book—raises him in position to write—places pencil, etc., in his hand.*] Curse the fatal bullet! Hold me steady, for my life is fast ebing out. [*Enter Lamar, L. 2 E.; takes in the situation at a glance, and silently views the result.*] New York, June 30. The Hudson River Banking House, pay to Mrs. George Sterling—formerly Silvia Lamar—

*Lamar.*—[*Aside.*] Silvia Lamar!

*Rockmore.*—The sum of twenty thousand dollars. Charles Rockmore. [*Dropp's pencil and book—tries to rise.*]

*Hanz.*—Py shimminies! dot vas pust you all ub!

*Rockmore.*—Look! look! your father has come from above to witness my signature! [*He sinks back, and expires. Tableau. Curtain.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*Drawing-room at the home of Harry Lamar. Everything denoting taste and comfort. Center table, foot-stool, chairs, etc. Portrait of George Sterling on easel. At rise of Curtain Mrs. O'Donovan is discovered dusting table.*

*Mrs. O'D.*—Sure an' I'm afther makin' things nate enough for a saint. The Mrs.—bless her swate soul—has had a toime av it restin' an' atin' good things since I brought her from the noisy hotil. Hanz, the awkward baste, was afther lavin' av her a long o' the dirthy place, an' cooped up among strangers, whin he moit as will brought her here to-wonst. An' if it wasn't

for the mournin' afther her two swate offsprings she'd be as happy an' contint as a virgin. She would that same. Sure an' its mesilf as can make the loikes o' her feel to-home. An' its the upper-crust o' the village as hav' called on her ivery day to ixpress their feelin's an' opinions about the darlints as was stholen. Bad luck to the loikes o' the barin as wud do sich a thing. [*Enter Mrs. Sterling, and slowly approaches chair at the center table.*] An' its mesilf that's o' thinkin' the darlints will be here afore the sun goes down. An'—

*Mrs. S.*—Any news from Mr. Lamar or Hanz, whilst I have been napping?

*Mrs. O'D.*—Niver a bit, mam, niver a bit. But its mesilf as was thinkin' we'd hear good news afore the sun goes down. By the holy saints I'm afther feelin' it in me bones. The gintry from all around hav' returned, bringin' av no news whativer. An' that's why I'm afther thinkin' as Mr. Lamar an' Hanz hav' found the darlints, because they hav' sint no word or brought thimsilves.

*Mrs. S.*—Possibly, they may have gotten some clue, and have traveled much farther than did the rest.

*Mrs. O'D.*—Don't now—don't be a lookin' on the dark side o' things. Sure an' the bright side is dark enough for the poor cratures o' this worlt. Here is a late paper; so sit down an' rade the news while I see to havin' a good supper on the way. [*Exit Mrs. O'D.*]

*Mrs. S.*—[*Sits, and toys with paper.*] I cannot read, or do aught but think of my poor babes. Nearly two weeks have passed, and yet no definite clue as to how or where they were taken. The sail-boat that was stolen on that fatal night was seen heading towards the Catskill range; and when hailed by some fishermen, who recognized the craft, no response greeted them. Mr. Lamar and the German followed this clue; but no word comes to tell with what result. I wish Mr. Lamar would soon return, for I am anxious to know the worst; and to learn from what family of Lamars he comes. My long estranged brother bore the same name. After the death of our dear father and mother, we lost all trace of each other. Oh! why, why do they not even write me a few lines at least, and tell me whether or not any trace of my dear children has been found? This suspense will surely kill me. [*Rises.*] I believe I shall go to my room, and look out upon the river. There is

a gentleness about the view that gives me rest. [*As she passes out, stops by portrait.*] Oh, husband! would that you were here, to give me counsel! [*Exit Mrs. S. Enter Mrs. O'D.*]

*Mrs. O'D.*—By the holy Saint Patrick, if she hasn't gone back to her room to pine away in solitude! Faith an' its a bit o' news I was afther bringin' o' her: For the gintleman as jist drove past the house, says to me—says he—"Sure an' it was Hanz I was afther meetin' on the road wid two little girls along o' his side a comin' this way." Its afther waitin' now I'll be till I learn the straight av it afore I brake the news. [*Enter Lamar.*] Bless yes! spake av the flowers an' its a boquet ye'll be afther gitin'. An' its glad I am that ye are back.

*Lamar.*—Thanks. Where is Mrs. Sterling?

*Mrs. O'D.*—In the guest's chamber forenist the river view.

*Lamar.*—Has she learned of our arrival?

*Mrs. O'D.*—Niver a word.

*Lamar.*—Hanz and I stopped at the hotel with the children, expecting to find Mrs. Sterling there, but was informed you had graciously induced her to come here and enjoy the quietness of our home.

*Mrs. O'D.*—That I did. An' its sure I was ye'd be afther a foindin' av the darlints. So I says to mesilf—says I: 'Twould plase the loikes av yes to hav' the poor crature snugly cared for in yer own house.

*Lamar.*—Good. And now we will have a double surprise for her. The children and Hanz will be here in a few minutes; so go to the door and be ready to receive them. I came in advance so as to break the news gently to their mother.

*Mrs. O'D.*—The Mrs. is very ristless, an' moite step in any minute. Plase sthay here to receive her while I watch for the darlints. [*Exit Mrs. O'D.*]

*Lamar.*—[*Sitting at center table.*] A strange coincidence will have been brought about if this Mrs. Sterling is really Silvia Lamar—my sister—whom for years I had supposed was resting above with her parents. Hum! Queer I did not think to question Grace upon the matter. She certainly could have apprised me of the fact. I shall summons Mrs. Sterling and find out. [*Risès and faces door just as Mrs. S. enters. Tableau.*]

*Mrs. S.*—[*Aside.*] "A stranger here!" Excuse me, sir. I was not aware of the presence of anyone—else I should not have intruded.

*Lamar.*—No offense, I assure you. Any guest in the house of Harry Lamar has the freedom of the premises.

*Mrs. S.*—And do I address Mr. Lamar? [*Bows in acknowledgement.*] My children—where are they? Have they been rescued?

*Lamar.*—Yes. They are safe—and will be here in a few minutes.

*Mrs. S.*—Heaven be praised!

*Lamar.*—Charles Rockmore is dead. With his last breath he spoke your maiden name—"Silvia Lamar!" If he called it rightly, I firmly believe you to be—MY SISTER! [*Extends his hands to receive her. She rushes to him.*]

*Mrs. S.*—Oh, Harry! my long lost brother! [*Rests her head upon his bosom—tableau—then he leads her to a chair.*]

*Lamar.*—Be seated, whilst I explain. Nearly twenty years ago I stood within our little vine-covered cottage and bade father, mother, and a bright-eyed sister an affectionate farewell. With the lessons for truth, sobriety, honesty and industry still ringing in my ears, that had been taught me from childhood, I stepped forth into the cold world to battle with the surging tide of my fellow-men in the far west. On arriving in California, I wrote home a detailed account of my venture.

*Mrs. S.*—I have that letter now, and two others we received shortly before our parents died.

*Lamar.*—I am glad of that. For ten long years I labored in the mining districts, and finally discovered a lead that yielded a goodly fortune. Five years later I sold my claim, returned east, and settled here. I did not receive your letter, conveying the news of our parent's death, for some time after they were buried. I answered immediately, but received no reply.

*Mrs. S.*—Shortly after writing you I went to Philadelphia to live with our aunt. While there I graduated; and before I had fully resolved upon any definite course to pursue for my future welfare, I became enamored with George Sterling, and married.

*Lamar.*—Where and when did you form the acquaintance of this man Rockmore?

*Mrs. S.*—In Philadelphia. He was the only son and heir of a wealthy sea captain. He attended the same school, and continually pushed himself into my presence. When I attended

a party, or the opera, he was sure to be there. He shadowed my every movement like a detective would that of a culprit. One evening, I rebuked him severely, and bade him never speak to me again. He seemed highly insulted, and said I should remember the rebuke until my dying day. He has kept good his word.

*Lamar.*—He was a bold and desperate man. And since he is no more, let him rest.

*Mrs. S.*—[*Rises and approaches portrait.*] Here is the portrait of my noble husband, who's innocent life was taken by the hand of an assassin, five years ago, while in mid sea, on our way to Liverpool. Though he was what the world would call poor, yet he was a true husband—a kind and generous father. Constantly before me do I keep the likeness which portrays him to the eye, while shrouded in my heart are the deeds of his true manliness. Yet far away rests his earthly remains 'neath the cold, surging waves.

*Lamar.*—Sad, indeed, it is, my noble sister, that two jeweled hearts, so closely united by the laws of nature, should be so severed, while the love that binds them is the strongest.

*Mrs. O'D.*—[*Ushers in children and Hanz.*] Sure an' there's yer swate mither. [*Exit Mrs. O'D.*]

*Mrs. S.*—[*Turns from portrait to receive them—kneels.*] Oh! my babies! my babies!

*Grace and Pearl.*—My mama! [*They clasp her in loving embrace, etc.*]

*Mrs. S.*—God bless you, my children! Happiness, like troubles, seldom comes singly. I have just learned that Mr. Lamar, your friend and benefactor, is my brother—your uncle.

*Hanz.*—Dot zettles der pizness. No more shilderns mit der bark in. [*Lamar extends his hands to greet them as they go to him*]

*Lamar.*—Yes, dear children; and right proud I am, too, of having the honor of being such to you.

*Grace.*—Oh! how happy I am to call you uncle. Ever since our meeting in the park I have felt that we ought to be related.

*Pearl.*—I'm awful glad, because you were so good to us. [*Lamar sits C.; takes Pearl on right knee, and Grace sits by left, on foot-stool.*]

*Mrs. S.*—And now, Mr. Kophfderheim—

*Hans.*—[*Coming forward.*] Dond you vas preak der shaw mit dot name. Shust calls me Hanz.

*Mrs. S.*—How am I ever to repay you for your kindness?

*Hanz.*—Shust nefer mindt poudt dot. Here vas der sheck vat der rascal make oudt mit you. [*Hands it to her.*]

*Mrs. S.*—What's this! Charles Rockmore signs a check to me for twenty thousand dollars!

*Hanz.*—Yah. Dot's anoder surbrize.

*Mrs. S.*—I suppose I shall be compelled to accept the money. Well, Hanz, I am aware the park will soon be offered for sale, and I shall take particular pains to have the deed transferred to you. The rest of the money shall, from time to time, be distributed among the poor of our village. Not one dollar shall ever be used for myself or children. [*Enter Mrs. O'D.*]

*Mrs. O'D.*—Its a lether for Hanz I hav'. Sure an' the bi as brought it said it would plase the loikes av him to recave it in a hurry. So there it is. [*Exit Mrs. O'D.*]

*Hanz.*—[*Coming forward opens letter. Mrs. S. steps close to Lamar and rests her hands on his shoulder. Hanz says:*] Py shimminies! vas dot so? [*He begins to laugh and cry at the same time, and is much excited.*]

*Lamar.*—What is it, Hans?

*Hanz.*—Der toctor vas wride me vone leedle ledder, und he zay—und he zay—und he zay—ha, ha, ha! Dot I vas pin a father! [*Chorus—laughing.*] Oxcuse me. It vas petter I go home. [*Going.*]

*All.*—Good bye, Hanz. [*Exit Hanz.*]

*Pearl.*—Uncle, are we going to live in this nice big house with you?

*Lamar.*—Yes, I hope so.

*Pearl.*—And won't mama have to sew and work any more?

*Lamar.*—No, not necessarily.

*Pearl.*—And will you be just like a father to Grace and I?

*Lamar.*—I shall try very hard to be.

*Pearl.*—Then I shall always love you, and mind you just like I do mama. [*She rests her head on his bosom.*] Good night, mama. Good night, sister. Good night, all. [*Goes to sleep. The orchestra play softly some farewell strains as the Curtain slowly descends.*]



I dedicate this Drama to my daughter,

BEULAH BROWN;

That, on entering the stage, she may assist in portraying to  
the minds of the public, true womanhood—who's heart  
is set with tender love—Heaven's choicest jewel.

And may she ever appear to others, as now to me:

“Graceful in all her steps;  
Heaven in her eye;  
In every gesture dignity and love.”

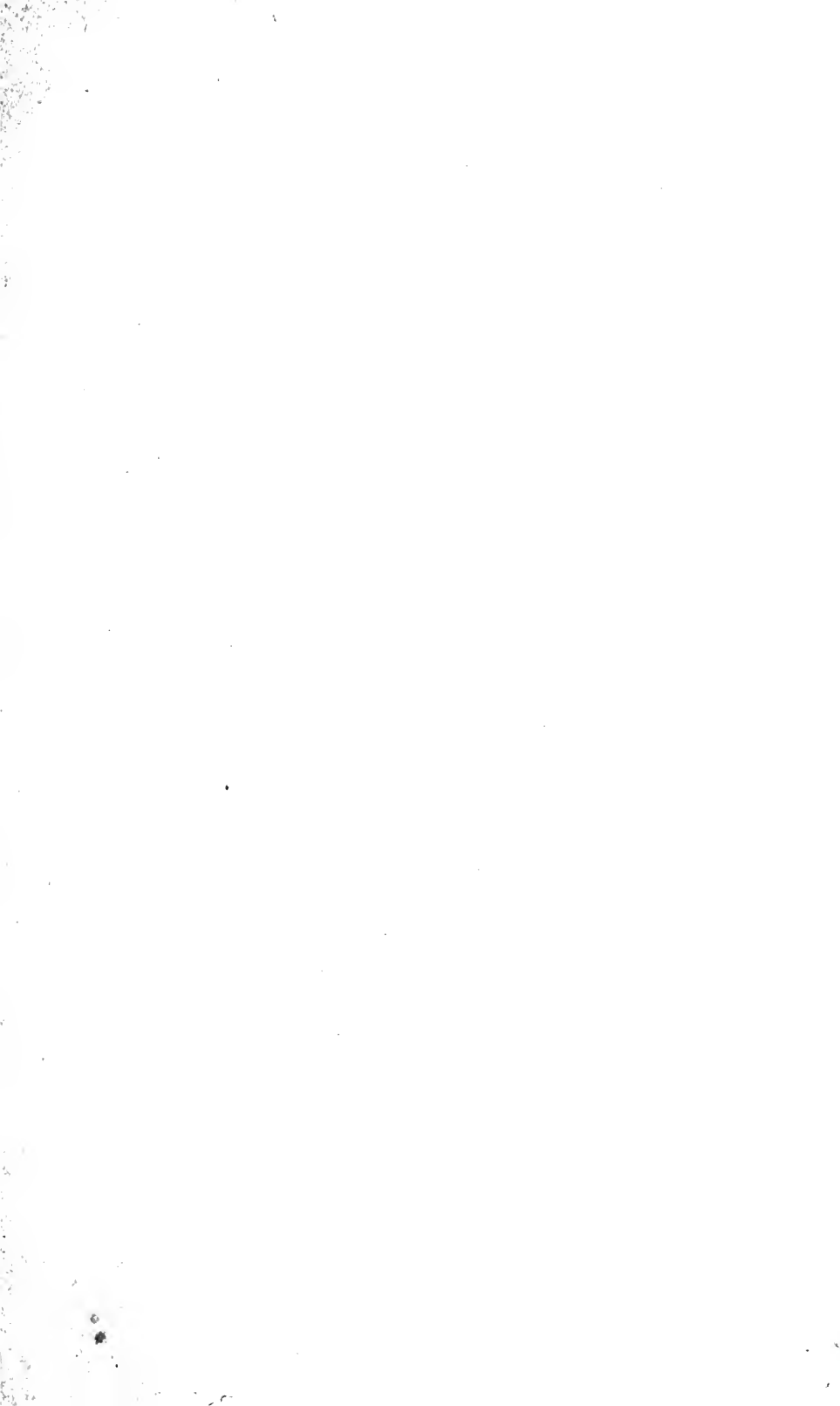
---

ERRATUM: In the first two acts the name “Stirling”  
should be spelled “Sterling.”









0 016 102 463 6



0 016 102 463 6